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TALES FROM THE CRYPT



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FEATURING:



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



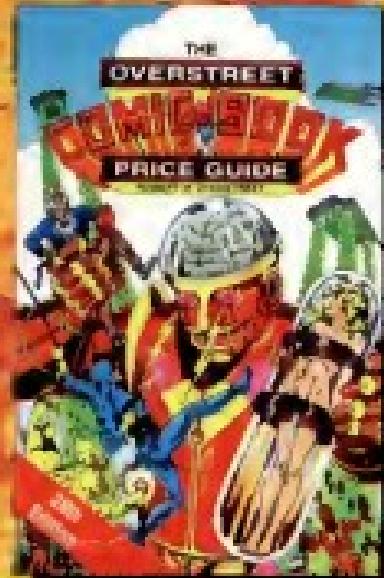
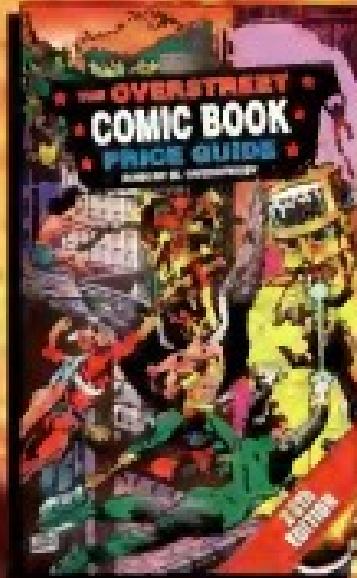
THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH... AND HEY! (JUST TO BE DIFFERENT!) CRAWL INTO THE CRYPT OLD GRANNY CRYPT OF TERROR, FRIEND. THIS IS YOUR SHROUD HOST, LE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR MASTER OF GEMETRIES... READY TO THRILL YOU, CHILL YOU, AND KILL YOU WITH A SLIMY SELECTION FROM MY FLESHBAG FILE OF FOUL FAMOUS! READY? WELL, HE WHO GOES WITH THE FOWL FARM I CALL... .

OPERATION FRIENDSHIP



SMILING WARMLY, DOCTOR ANDREW ROBARTS BETTLED HIMSELF IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. A SIGH OF DEEP CONTENTMENT CAME FORTH AS HE FILLED HIS PIPE, LIT A DANCING FLAME, AND PUFFED BLUE SPIRALS TOWARD THE CEILING. IT WAS A RITUAL HE'D OBSERVED FOR LONG YEARS NOW... UNCOUNTED EVENINGS WITH HIS FRIEND. TURNING SLOWLY, THE DOCTOR OPENED THE CONVERSATION... .

COMFORTABLE, PHILIP T. HOW LET'S RELAX AND ENJOY OUR CHESS GAME... JUST YOU AND I... AS WE'VE DONE THESE PAST FORTY GODDAM YEARS. AHH... THESE QUIET EVENINGS TOGETHER, PHILIP. THEY'RE ALL WE HAVE LEFT... .

DOCTOR ROBART PLACED THE CHESSBOARD ON THE LOW TABLE BEFORE THEM.

"OTHERS MIGHT SCOFF, PHIL, BUT I SAY OURS IS ONE OF LIFE'S RARITIES... A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP. A SISTERSHIP OF THE MINDS... A MENTAL MATCH FAR MORE LASTING AND REWARDING THAN THAT OF MAN AND WIFE."



THE OLD DOCTOR WENT ON GARULOUSLY, ALWAYS THE MORE TALKATIVE OF THE TWO, BARING THE OTHER A CHANCE TO SPEAK. HIS VOICE DRIFTED ON... RICH WITH HOLLOW MEMORIES... INHIBITED REMINISCENCE.

"YES, PHILIP. TWENTY YEARS OF THIS. REMEMBER HOW IT ALL BEGAN, PHILIP? NOW, AS KIDS, OUR FAMILIES MOVED NEXT DOOR TO EACH OTHER REMINISCENT



"REMEMBER HOW, LIKE ALL KIDS, WE WERE SHY AT FIRST, BUT SOONER OR LATER... FOUND THAT WE LIKED THE SAME THINGS."

"BOTH, ANDY! I LIKE YOU. I LIKE YOU TOO, PHIL. LET'S BE PAIRS FOR LIFE... AND SEAL IT IN BLOOD..."



"A KIDS FRIEND IS IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, PHIL? IT WAS A PART OF DEVOTION THAT NOTHING HAS BEEN ABLE TO TEAR APART IN ALL THESE YEARS! BOTH SIDES."

"EVER FOUR YEARS, PHIL, WE'LL BE BROTHERS FOREVER."

"TILL WE'RE OLD MEN AND READY TO DIE, ANDY..."



"REMEMBER, PHIL, REMEMBER HOW INSEPARABLE WE WERE... PLAYING TOGETHER... SLEEPING PLACES TOGETHER, LIGHTING TOGETHER... TWO OF US AGAINST THE WORLD..."

"YOU ARE BULLET! DON'T EVER PICK ON MY PAL PHIL AGAIN, GYTHHEART!"

"GRAFT CRAFT! I LIVE UP! I PROMISE! GRAFT CRAFT!"



"REMEMBER, PHILIP? WE WERE A MODERN DAIRY AND PITCHER, AND AS WE GREW OUT OF BOYHOOD, WE BECAME EVEN CLOSER, IF ANYTHING. REMEMBER, IN HIGH SCHOOL, HOW EVEN THE PRETTIEST GIRLS FAILED TO FULL US AWAY..."

"SORRY, JOHN! PHIL AND I ARE GOING TO THE MOVIE COUPLESSES TONIGHT... TOGETHER!"

"I WON'T AUNT YOU AGAIN, ANDREW ROBART! YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT AWHAB!"



"NONE OF THE GIRLS CANDIDATE, PHIL. THEY ONLY WANT CHEAP THRILLS OF DATING AND PETTING WERE AS FARAWAY AS THE PLATONIC UTOPIAS OF OUR EMBRACES MINDS!"

"I'M DELVED ON ANDREWONE, PHIL! WHY DON'T YOU STAY IT WITH ME?"

"BOBBY ANDY! ELECTRONICS IS MY HEAT!"

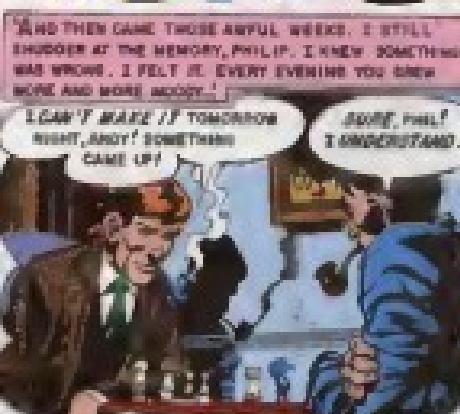
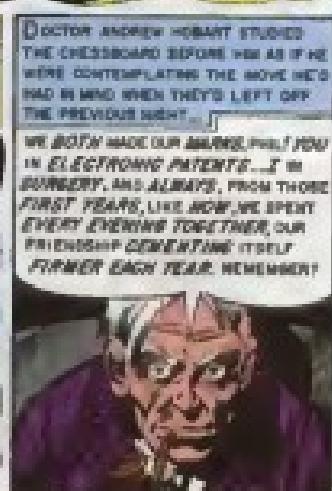


"COLLEGE! THE SAME COLLEGE, OF COURSE. NATURALLY, WE COULD NOT BE EXACTLY ALIKE IN ALL THINGS. I PRONED LYING MECHANISMS AND YOU PRONED GOLD LIFELESS SHEETS. BUT EVEN HERE, WE FOUND COMMON GROUND."

"IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THE BRAIN EMITS ELECTRICAL IMPULSES, PHIL. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"I WAS JUST WONDERING, ANDY. SUPPOSE WE COULD CAPTURE THOSE IMPULSES AND REPRODUCE THEM INTO AUDIBLE SOUNDS... ELECTRONICALLY."

"REMEMBER HOW WE WORKED TOGETHER ON YOUR THEORY, PHIL? THE CRAZY MACHINE WE BUILT. REMEMBER THAT LIQUID... HOW WE KEPT IT ALIVE IN THE BATHING WATER... ATTACHING THE ELECTRODES TO ITS HEAD..."



"YOUR HESITATION, YOUR AVERTED EYES, A COLD CHILL SHIPPED ME AND I STEELED MYSELF FOR THE SHOCK OF WHAT I COULD ALMOST SUSPECT."

"I'M IN LOVE ANDY!"

"NO, PHIL..."

"YOU WENT ON, NOT KNOWING HOW EACH WORD WHIP-LASHED MY PLUNCHED SOUL."

"HER NAME IS JONORA! HERE, HERE'S HER PICTURE! ISN'T SHE PRETTY?"

"VERY... LOVELY, PHIL!"

"I'M BORN TO MARRY HER, ANDY!"

"MARRY? BUT PHIL! OUR... OUR FRIEND - SAW... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'LL BE BREAKING IT UP..."

"PLEASE, ANDY, DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A DOLT AFTER ALL I AM GETTING ALONE IN YEARS! I'M ALMOST THIRTY! IT'S NORMAL FOR A MAN MY AGE TO WANT A WIFE... A HOME... JESUS! AND OUR FRIENDSHIP ISN'T BREAKING UP. YOU'LL LIKE JONORA, AND..."

"NO, PHIL! IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITH YOU MARRIED! YOU CAN'T DO IT! LISTEN TO ME!"

"REMEMBER HOW I PLEASED WITH YOU, PHILIP... ARGUED... RAGED... STORMED... BROILED ON BORDO BEECHER..."

"PHIL, YOU CAN'T CANT ABIDE OUR FRIENDSHIP LIKE AN OLD SHOT. IT'S TOO SACRED! MARRIAGE IS FOR OTHERS, NOT FOR US, WITH OUR WEDDED BROTHERS!" PHIL, I MISS OF YOU. SAVE THIS CREATURE UP!"

"I'M... SORRY, ANDY..."

"YOU TURNED A STONY HEART TO YOUR OLD FRIEND, PHILIP, AND THEN, ONE DAY, YOU BROUGHT JONORA TO MEET ME. SHE WAS LOVELY, ALL RIGHT. ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT A MENTAL MESSUM WITHIN."

"THIS IS ANDREW ROBERT, JONORA!"

"SEE, PHILLY'S TOL' ME ALL ABOUT YOU, DOG. HE SAYS YOU'RE REAL SMART."

"YOUR FRIEND JASPER - AKA'S, JONORA! IT IS PHILIP WHO IS THE SMARTER OF THE TWO OF US!"

"PHILIP? SMART? AH, SMART HE'S GOT ME HAND-SOME ME... AND HE CAN PLAY A NEAR GAME OF TENNIS, BUT SMART? REALLY? YER KIDDIN'! PHILIP? YOU SMART?"

"AFTER YOU AND ZORRO LEFT, I
CARED PHILIP. NO, NOT FOR ME AND
MY LONE WARRIOR... BUT FOR YOU."

"BUT... THAT'S ALL THAT... BOB...
FELT... ALL THE RIGHTS OF HIS
IN A FRIEND AND A LOVER...
HIS PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES...
WHILE HIS TIME MIND GOES TO
WASTE!"



"WEISSMAN TALKED HAPPY-
MONEY FOR BOB, PHILIP. SORRY
FOR ME. I WAS YOUR BEST MAN,
OF COURSE, BUT NO LONGER YOUR
BEST FRIEND... CLOSEST COM-
PANION..."



"AND THEN I SAT ALONE, PHILIP.
EVERYDAY AFTER EVENING... LISTENING
TO THAT ANIMAL SCREECH... STARING AT
YOUR EMPTY CHAIR..."



"THOSE BITTER LONELY HOURS, PHILIP... DRAGGING
ME... EACH AN ETERNITY... UNTIL I COULD ENDURE
IT NO MORE. I WAS READY TO TAKE MY LIFE,
PHILIP... READY TO SLIT MY THROAT WITH ONE OF
MY OWN RAZOR-SHARP SCALPELS, WHEN..."

"THE... ONLY... WAY...
OUT... CHOKED..."



"I FITTED UP MY BASEMENT WITH EQUIPMENT... MADE
MYSELF AN EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY... STARTED MY
RESEARCH... LOST MYSELF IN MY WORK..."

"Lobotomies HAVE CUT AWAY
WHOLE PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN
THAT WERE GNAZED, ROTTED...
TUMORED. THE PART OF THE BRAIN
THAT WAS LEFT CONTINUED TO
CARRY ON THE BODY PROCESSOR..."



"THAT PHONE CALL SAVED ME, PHILIP. IT ALSO SAVED YOU.
IT WAS THE HOSPITAL... AN EMERGENCY OPERATION... MAJOR
LOBOTOMY. IT WAS WHILE I WAS REMOVING THAT DISEASED
PORTION OF THE PATIENT'S BRAIN THAT IT CAME TO ME..."

"OF COURSE! THE REAL WAY OUT! THE MOST
MORALE BOOSTING WAY OUT..."



"... SPENT TWO YEARS TRADING DOWN THE AMBER... AND
THEN I FOUND IT AND MY CHANCE CAME WHEN YOU CALLED
ONE DAY..."

"WHAT FOR? I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PAUL! YOU'RE
NOT going WITH HER? THEN WHY NOT COME HERE
AND SPEND THE TWO WEEKS WITH ME? GOODBYE!
I'LL EXPECT YOU, THEN! GOOD-BYE..."



'THAT WAS A BREAK, WASN'T IT, PHILIP?
JONERA HAVING TO GO HOME FOR
TWO WEEKS DUE TO AN ILLNESS IN
THE FAMILY? IT CAME AT JUST THE
RIGHT TIME... I WAS READY...'

'YOU MOVE,
ABOUT HER,
HER, JUST
LIKE OLD
TIMES, OH
I... I SEE THE
SAFETY, PHIL'
YOUR MARRIAGE
IS FALLING ON YOU
JONERA SICKENS
YOU, DOESN'T
SHE?'

'REMEMBER HOW YOU TURNED ON
ME, AMARNAFF.'

'ARE YOU MAD, ANDY? WHERE DID
YOU GET SUCH A CRAZY IDEA?
I LOVE HER, EVEN IF SHE ISN'T
AS BRILLIANT! SHE'S FUN, MIGHT
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY...

'POOR LOYAL PHILIP!' YOU DON'T
WANT TO HURT HERDO YOU?
YOU DON'T WANT TO CAST HER AWAY
LIKE THE TRASH SHE WAS FOR
BUSTING YOUR LIFE... SUFOCA-
TION YOUR WONDERFUL MIND IN
BRAINY TERRITORIES. WELL,
YOU DRAFTED POOL ME, PHILIP. I
PITYED YOU, FROM THE BOTTOM
OF MY HEART...

'AND I HAVE YOU MARRIED, AS ONE FRIEND TO
ANOTHER...'

'IF YOU KEEP UP WITH THAT WOMAN...
LET HER DRAW YOU DOWN TO NEW
MORNING DEPTHS... YOU WILL BE
DEGRADED YOURSELF!'

'STOP IT,
ABOUT THAT'S
ENOUGH!
EITHER WE
DROP THE
SUBJECT OR...

'TOO BAD, PHILIP! TOO BAD YOU WERE SO STUBBORN!
IF I'D ONLY CONVINCED YOU...'

'ALL ABOUT, PHILIP! NO NEED
TO GET ANGRY! THE
SUBJECT IS CLOSED!'

'YOU MENTIONED
SOMETHING ABOUT
SOME EXPERIMENTS
YOU'VE BEEN DOING,
ANDY?'

'OH, YES! COME ALONG!
I'VE SET UP A LABORA-
TORY IN THE CELLAR.
THIS WAY...'

'WHY, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT DEAL
OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT
DOWN HERE, AND I DON'T TELL
ME YOU'RE HAVING IN ON
MY PROJECT!...

'NO, PHILIP! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON
THEORIES RELATING TO BRAIN BURSTERS,
SECRETLY, IN FACT... EH ABOUT READY
TO PERFORM MY FIRST BEVERAGE -
FIVE PERCENT LONGBOTTOM...'

'ALL YOU
NEED IS
THE
PERFUME,
EH, ANDY?'

DOCTOR HOBART LOOKED UP, HIS DREAMY THOUGHTS RETURNED TO THE PRESENT BY THE SHARP HAMMERING ON THE DOOR...

OH, BLAST! I FORGOT! IT'S THURSDAY! THEY'RE HERE FOR THEIR WEEKLY VISIT!



DOCTOR HOBART STEPPED OUT THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE LIBRARY, TURNING TO CLOSE THEM...

I'LL BE BACK IN AS SOON AS THEY'VE GONE, PHILIP! THEN WE CAN CONTINUE OUR GAME!



THE LIBRARY DOORS LOCKED, ANDREW HUNG OVER THE FRONT DOOR...

MR... PHILIP! JONORA! COME IN. COME IN. WE CAN'T STAY LONG TONIGHT, CAN WE? YEAH... WE DEARLY MEAN IT. I MEAN, ANDREW, WE CAN'T...



DOCTOR HOBART LED HIS GUESTS PAST THE LIBRARY INTO THE SITTING ROOM...

HUN DANCING AGAIN, PHILIP? AREN'T YOU GETTING A LITTLE OLD FOR THAT?

HUH! FRANK, WE ENJOY DANCING... DON'T WE, JONORA? LET'S GO DANCING...



IT WAS A DULL, BORING VISIT WITH JONORA DIVERTED IMPATIENT TO GO, AND PHIL DOWN LITTLE TO CARRY ON ANY CONVERSATION. THIS IS THE WAY IT'S BEEN EVERY WEEK FOR TWENTY YEARS...

WELL, WE REALLY MUST BE GOING! COME ALONE, PHILIP!

HUH? OH, TEAR ME, AREN'T SEE YOU...

OF COURSE, PHILIP! NEXT WEEK! GOOD-BYE...



DOCTOR HOBART LED THEM TO THE FRONT DOOR, WATCHED THEM HURRY DOWN THE WALK TO THEIR WAITING CAR...



THEN HE UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND WENT INTO THE LIBRARY...

YOU KNOW, PHILIP, I DON'T THINK JONORA NOTICED THE LEAST DIFFERENCE WHEN SHE CAME HOME FROM THAT VISIT TO HER FAMILY TWENTY YEARS AGO. THE Bitch HAS THE THINGS SHE WANTS OF HER HUSBAND. THE PHYSICAL THINGS. SHE'S PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH YOUR BODY, AND...



... AND TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT OF YOUR BRAIN. AND I'VE GOT THE REAL YOU, PHILIP... THE IMPORTANT PART OF YOUR BRAIN... YOUR CREATIVE ARTISTIC PART.



THE BRAIN FLOATED LAZILY IN THE JAR OF AMBER LIQUID...

AND SO THE FEARS STRETCH HAPPILY AHEAD OF US, PHILIP! YOU AND I... FOREVER TILL DEATH... IN MENTAL COMPANIONSHIP.



DOCTOR HOBART SHOOK HIS HEAD, SMILING WARMLY AT THE BRAIN SUSPENDED IN THE BUBBLING LIQUID...

OH, DON'T BE A FOOL, PHILIP! WHY MUST WE ALWAYS BE THROUGH FAIR... EVERY NIGHT... BEFORE WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO A NICE QUIET EVENING? I DID THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! I RESCUED YOU FROM THAT INSTANT FEMALE. WHY, IF YOU HAD BEEN ON LIVING WITH HER FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS...



...YOU WOULD HAVE LOST YOUR MIND!



DOCTOR HOBART FLIPPED ON THE VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT EVENING... AND TURNED THE VOLUME...

ALL RIGHT, PHILIP! GO AHEAD! RANT AND RAVE!

OH, BODY WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY I LOVED HART AND HARE! NOW I WAS HAPPY WITH HER! BUT SHE DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?



IT'S YOU WHO LOST YOUR MIND, ANDRETTI! FOOL! YOU'RE MAD! MAD! AND, OH LORD, LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!



DOCTOR HOBART REACHED FOR THE VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH. THE BRAIN SEEMED TO TWIST SLIGHTLY AS IT FLOATED INACCURATELY IN THE JAR...

MUST I TURN YOU OFF, PHILIP, OR WILL YOU BE GOOD SO WE CAN GO ON WITH OUR GAME? OH... I BELIEVE IT'S MY MOVE!

NO! WE STOPPED LAST NIGHT AFTER YOUR MOVE! IT'S MY MOVE...



HMM, HMM! WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A BEDDING OF MONSTERS? CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE THE MAD DOCTOR AND HIS BOFFLED BRAIN ARE MARRIED. LISTEN TO THEM ARABIC LOCOUT WHO GOES FIRST AND FOULLL ARABIC ABOUT WHO GOES FIRST... TO WHOM THE E.G. PARADISES... THAT IS... WHEN YOU SEE THE SHIFT YOU CAN SEE, LIKE BACK ISSUES

WHICH YOU WRITE US FOR ORDERING INFO. HMM, THE MAESTER-KEEPER ARRIVED WITH A FAME TO DRIVE ALL YOU MAESTERS SANE. I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HERCULES AND NOW THAT ERIC HAS DRILLED YOUR BLOOD WITH HIS CRYPT GAPER, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PRESENT IT! TEP, IT'S YOUR HOOT IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A VISIT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM. I CALL THIS MAD CLUESTORY, THIS TALE OF PAINING IT OUT IN THE BOOBY-HATCH...

COME BACK, LITTLE LINDA!

THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DAMP DARKNESS OF HIS TORTURE-RAMEN ASYLUM CELL, SIZZLING QUIETLY. HE SAT WITH WIDE STARRING EYES AND CLENCHED FISTS AMID THE FOUL ODOR OF DECAY AND ROT AND UNREMOVED HUMAN EXCRETMENTS. AND NO CALM LIES IN HIS SOUL, ONLY ANXIOUSNESS.

LINDA! LINDA! COME BACK TO ME, LINDA...



DOCTOR MORSEAN ULLMAR, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COUNTY INSANE ASYLUM, WALKED SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARK DRW PASSAGeway LINED ON EITHER SIDE WITH ANCIENT OAKEN GURNEH DOORS. AND THERE WAS A FAINT SMELL ON HIS HARD COLD FACE. HIS ASSISTANT, ERIC HADEN, FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND.

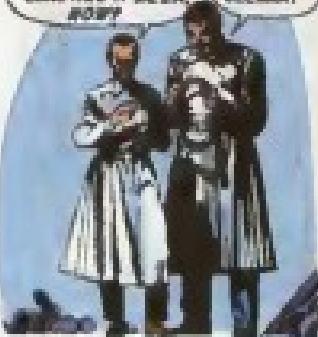
IT WAS A STRIKE OF INSANITY, ERIC, MAKES USE OF THESE OLD DUNGEON CELLS. DID I EVER THANK YOU FOR RIVING ME THE IDEA?

THE MONEY YOU PAY ME IS FAIRLY ENOUGH, DOCTOR ULLMAR!



DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT ONE OF THE METAL DOORS. HE SELECTED A KEY FROM THE RING HE CARRIED.

WELL, THE MONEY'S PAY YOU IS THE LEAST I CAN DO, ERIC. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN, BOSS?



THE DOCTOR INSERTED THE KEY INTO THE LOCK AND TWISTED. THE BOLT SNAPPED OPEN. THE DOCTOR LAUGHED...

TWO YEARS, BUT IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE WE EMPTIED THE HABITAT AND HERDED ALL THE INHABITANTS INTO THESE DUNGEON CELLS!



THE DOCTOR TURNED TO ERIC, WHO TOWERED OVER HIM, TALL AND STRONG AND MUSCULAR...

DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY BLANKETS WE DIDN'T HAVE A LOT TO GO ON IN TWO YEARS, ERIC? HOW MANY BLANKETS?



THE DOCTOR PUSHED OPEN THE SQUEAKING METAL DOOR...

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE'VE RAISED ON LAST NIGHT... CLEANING... FOOD...

QUITE A LOT, MR.

CLEANING...

FOOD...



THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DARK DARKNESS OF HIS CELL... FEELS SOFTLY...

LINDA! WHERE DID YOU GO, LINDA! LINDA...

YOU SAY HE CALLED THAT NAME DOWN THERE...

ALMOST ALL THE TIME...

YOU SAY HE CALLED THAT NAME DOWN THERE...

ALMOST ALL THE TIME...



THE DOCTOR SHOOK THE OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN TURNED WITH WIDE STARING EYES...

WHO IS LINDA, YOU OLD FOOL?

LINDA! LINDA! LINDA IS MY LOVE!

PROBABLY SOMEONE IN HIS PAST, DOCTOR!



THE DOCTOR INHALED THE NAUSEATING ODOR OF THE DARK CELL, AND RETCHED...

LINDA, MY LOVE! COME TO ME!

REB! CHOKES...

PROBABLY LEFT HIM... LET HIM OUT OF HERE. HE'S BEGGED HELP!

WE...WE OUGHT TO CLEAN THESE CELLS OUT, DOCTOR...

BEGGED BEFORE AN EPIDEMIC BREAKS OUT...



THEY SLAMMED THE CELL DOOR SHUT AND MOVED BACK UP THE CORRIDOR...

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT ERIC! A DEAD INMATE MEANS WE LOSE HIS ALLOTMENT, AND WE DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, DO WE? I'LL HAVE TO HIRE ANYBODY.



...UP THE WINDING STONE STEPS LEADING TO THE ASYLUM BUILDINGS ABOVE...

YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT BEING ECONOMICAL ERIC. I'M PROUD OF YOU. EVERY DOLLAR SAVED MEANS FORTY CENTS FOR ME! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?



...AND OUT THROUGH THE DESERTED MUSKY MARSH, DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT A FILTHY WINDOW, LOOKING DOWN...

IT'S TIME TO TURN ON THE VENTILATION LIGHTS, ERIC. WE WANT EVERYBODY DOWN THERE TO THINK THE BUSES ARE STILL OCCUPIED.



FAR BELOW THE BLEAK GREY INMATE ASYLUM, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, LIGHTS BLINNED ON AS TWILIGHT TURNED TO NIGHT. THE PEOPLE IN THEIR CLEAN WHITE HOUSES SAT AT CLEAN WHITE TABLES AND ATE FROM CLEAN WHITE DISHES AND NEVER DREAMED OF THE HORRORS GOING ON ABOVE THEM...



THEY NEVER TASTED THE DISH WATER SOUP... THE SPILLED BLOOD MEAT... THAT WAS FED TO THE PRINTER. WHAT HAPPENED ERIC?

HE COMPLAINED, BOB. BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE THE MEAL TONIGHT!



THEY NEVER HEARD THE ANGUISHED SCREAMS OF THE INMATES IN THEIR FILTHY STINKING DUNGEON CELLS... NEVER FELT THE STING OF ERIC'S WHIP...



COMPLAIN, WILL YOU? WELL, TAKE THAT... AND THAT... AND THAT...



NO, THE PEOPLE IN THE CLEAN WHITE
VALLEY TOWN NEVER HEARD THE SAD
SOURFUL WAILS OF THE OLD MAN...
CRYING FOR HIS LOVED ONE...



YES! WE WOULDN'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE
IF THEY WERE ALL
AS HARMLESS
AND AS HELPLESS
AS HIM...



OH, I
ALMOST
FORGOT!
THIS GAME
FOR YOU
TODAY!

ERIC HANDED DOCTOR ULLMAN THE
VERY OFFICIAL LOOKING ENVELOPE...

WHAT IS IT,
DOC? YOU'RE
WHITE AS A
ENDIVE?

IT'S FROM THE
STATE BOARD OF
HOSPITALS.
THEY'RE ARRIVING
TOMORROW FOR AN
INSPECTION TOUR...



A CHILD CRAWLED UP DOCTOR ULLMAN'S ARM, IF THE
STATE BOARD DISCOVERED WHAT WAS GOING ON IN THE
ASYLUM, HE AND ERIC WOULD BE THROWN INTO JAIL...

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THE PATIENTS
BACK UPSTAIRS... GET CLEAN
BEDDING FOR THE JUDGE... SCRUB
THE BARRELS TILL THEY SHINE.

HURRY, YOU IDIOTS!

Y-YES,
DOCTOR
ULLMAN



THE TWO MEN SCRAMBLED DOWN THE PASSAGeway, UNLOCKING THE METAL SURGEON DOORS, FLUNG THEM WIDE,
SCREAMING HORRILY AT THE CONFUSED INMATES WHO
BLINKED AT THEM IN TERROR...

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET
UPSTAIRS ON THE
SQUEEZE, BUT MOVE IT!
THEIR MORN' TO DIE!

C'MON, OLD MAN,
GET OUT OF YOUR
CELL! GET OUT,

NO!
NO!



THE INMATES WERE HERDED INTO THE PASSAGeway,
AND MARCHED UP INTO THE HALLS THAT HAD LAIN
DESPOLIATED AND DESERTED FOR TWO YEARS...

DOCTOR ULLMAN SWUNG THE HEAVY LEATHER WHIP... LASHING
OUT AT THE OLD MAN...



ALL RIGHT LONG, IN THE MARCH, THE STINKING WHIP ROSE AND FELL, UPON THE WAITING INMATES ON...

BORIN' THE SHADOWS...
WASH DOWN THE FLOORS...
POLISH THE BEDS...
I WANT EVERYTHING
SPOTLESS! WE'RE BEING
INSPECTED TOMORROW!



MAYBE WE OUGHT
TO PUT HIM BACK
DOWN THERE...
IN THE
DORMITORY!

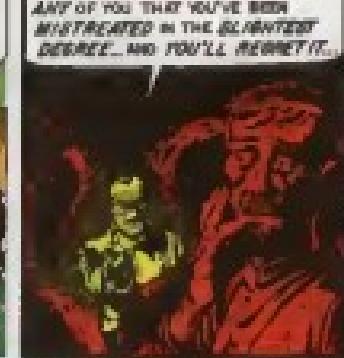
NO! WE CAN'T
AFFORD IT!
THEY MAY COUNT
A COUNT!

BUT HE COULD CAUSE
TROUBLE FOR
ME AND MY STUPID
LINDAY! MAYBE
HE'LL TALK!
MAYBE HE'LL TELL
THEM WHERE HE'S
BEEN KEPT FOR
TWO YEARS!

HE'S A
JABBERING
NOSE! I
SHOLL
LISTEN TO
THE JABBER-
ING OF A
RAVING
MANIAC...

DOCTOR ULLMAN TURNED TO THE
OTHER INMATES. HE BRANDED THE
SHIP...

ONE WORD... ONE HINT FROM
ANY OF YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN
MISTREATED IN THE SLIGHTEST
DEGREE... AND YOU'LL REGRET IT.



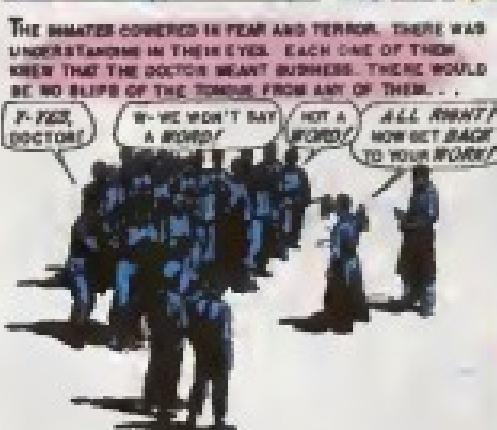
THE INMATES COVERED IN FEAR AND TERROR. THERE WAS
UNDERSTANDING IN THEIR EYES. EACH ONE OF THEM
KNEW THAT THE DOCTOR MEANT BUSINESS. THERE WOULD
BE NO SLIPS OF THE TONGUE FROM ANY OF THEM...

I-PEE,
DOCTOR!

WE WON'T SAY
A WORD!

NOT A
WORD!

ALL RIGHT!
NOW GET BACK
TO YOUR WORKS!



ONLY THE OLD MAN, OBVIOUSLY TO EVERYTHING, CON-
TINUED TO SNEEZE...

I WANT MY LINDAY!
I WANT MY...

YAAAAAHHHHHH...

SQUIRT UP,
YOU OLD FOOL...

LEAVE HIM
ALONE,



IN THE MORNING, THE WARDS WERE SPARKLING CLEAN. EACH BED WAS MADE WITH FRESH CLEAN SHEETS AND SPOTLESS BLANKETS. THE INMATE HAD ALL BEEN BATHED AND DRESSED IN NEW UNIFORM. EVERYTHING WAS READY FOR THE BOARD'S INSPECTION. AND THEN...



THEY MOVED THROUGH THE ASYLUM, SERIOUS FACED, CRITICAL-MINDED, EYES ON EVERYTHING.



THEY NOTED THE TEMPTING ODORS DRIFTING FROM THE KITCHEN... THE SLEMMING BRAISE OF THE BEDS... THE IMMACULATE CONDITION OF THE WARDS...

YOU MUST BE CONGRATULATED, DR. ULLMAN. THE ASYLUM SEEMS TO BE EXTREMELY WELL RUN. AND THE PATIENTS ARE...

ASK THEM, SIR!



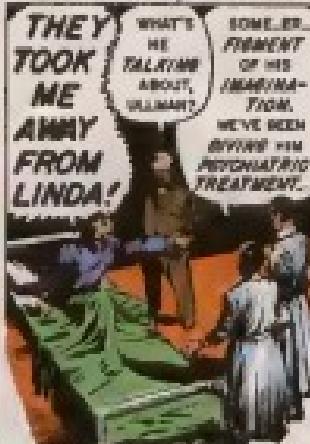
THEY WENT FROM BED TO BED... TALKING TO THE INMATES... INQUIRING...



SUDDENLY THE WARD REVERBERATED WITH AN ANNOYED CRY...



THE OLD MAN SAT UP STARRING WILDLY...



HE CLIMBED FROM HIS BED...



THE OLD MAN SCRAMPERED ACROSS THE HALL... DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO THE CELL AND DOOR...

LINDA? LINDA?

WHERE'S HE GOING?

HE'S MAD! WHY DON'T YOU LET ME...



...DOWN THE WINDING STONE STEPS, THE BOARD FOLLOWED...

ULLMAN? HAVE YOU BEEN USIN' THESE OLD DUNGEON CELLS?

OF COURSE! I'M NOT HE GOING, LINDA! KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING?

ULLMAN

</div

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt,

I love your comics and your taste of words. I am a very guttural fan of your comic. I love CRYPT #12, "Ghosts For Honor". People should not let little kids work because it just drives them crazy. They seem to make up stories of who really did their killing.

Keep printing your stories. You have a very horror-hungry club out here. It's ok to print my address and zip code. I'm dying for a get-buster pal.

Orlando Garcia

529 W Superior St
Chicago, IL 60622

May I suggest a fruse?

—OK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hell hi Shawn again. I have almost all your comics. All I need is 8 more. Anyway, how are you? I wanted to ask you something. WHY is your show not on anymore? I am very disappointed.

My brother threw a party when he heard you weren't on anymore, and I got a huge poster of the HBO version of you. You're the last thing I see before I go to bed! Well, I gotta go.

Shawn Van Dijk

Philadelphia, PA

This is your late brother I promised.

—OK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It is in fact, each issue of your comic covers. Before diving on this one, #24, I realized it represented 3.12% of the entirety.

On page 5 of "Food for Thought", there is an invisible robe that Merta slips on. Perhaps it's the emperor's new robe? You know, at the turn of page 7, I figured Merta was targeted for the final twist instead of Carl.

In "Pearly to Deed", I guess Larry finally had his fill of Phil.

Bob Gorty

Camarillo, CA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have two dozen comics and a toy of you.

Jesse Lovelace

Anchorage, AK



YOU

I have two dozen comics and a toy of you! I'm a lucky dog!

—OK

No "The Crypt-Keeper's Corner".

In issue #24: "Food for Thought" page 7 panel 2, who is Merta? It is Merta in the other 47 panels.

The caption on panel 8 page 4 of the story "Pearly to Deed" reads: "They both fallen in love with her..." After reading the "D" key on the typewriter?

It's quite a coincidence that in 1954 OK used the word "Titanic" in the intro to the story "Prairie Schooner", because in 1995 that word is the talk of the land.

In "Hell-Baked?" The Old Witch says that membership in the EC Fanclub Club is limited to 200,000,000 people. That's about the entire population of the United States, that's a lot of Addictos! It's a nationwide epidemic!

David Dellano

Kensington, CT

Let's slip you into a buried box and check YOUR association, David-baby! The "Titanic" disaster was common enough in the popular mind for the first 80 years, imagine if our reprint of WEIRD SCIENCE #1 had appeared in the last six months!

—OK

Dear OK

"Undertaking Peter", #24, seems to touch on a lot of taboo subjects for a 60s comic: death and its consequences in the form of the mortuary; murder of innocents by an unscrupulous druggist in collusion with the mortician; a thief's loss of a partner, and the subsequent revenging by a group of kids on the self-governed (defying authority in the process) and, finally, violent assault and murder in a graveyard. The kids witnessing the graveyard murder is straight out of HUCKLEBERRY FINN. Quite an intricate plot for a "lowly" comic book!

How original (and typical) of EC to have a story narrated by a grave ("The Creeping Grave")! This is one of the traits that put EC above all others in its day and continues to 40 years thence!

EC's retelling of "The Sleeping Beauty" result, result, arrives a tried old fairy tale with snappy lingo and a Transylvanian twist.

Berry McCollum

Alton, IL

I wondered "whatever happened to my Transylvanian Twist?"

—OK



When the Pictorian COLLEGE OF PLUTONIC KNOWLEDGE show ended with the retirement of
Professor Gy Cactus, his entourage dispersed to the
eight corners of the solar system to start solo careers.
Our look, we got lost! It does explain much about the
career of Jerry Lewis, however. Shown below from *Freak
Tracts for the People!* Matteson, Spring City, PA, to start
THE CRYPT-KEEPERS PAGE ON . . .

Morphee's War, Morphee Brown, Morphee Bad, Mrs. Morphee's Chester; all need love to . . .

Morphee's Law

Mad like the weather, sultry, seeking,
Spots rumored vampire, strolls on, peering,
Sound of a victim, waiting fire
Besides this Dark One, keen to die.

"Some say you're evil," comes her greeting,
"People will say things," her eyes meeting,
Fondering in eyes hypnotic,
She fails to charms more than hypnotic.

Buries his canines, gnashing, bared,
Slope from her jugular, least unseen
Vamp-eyes like onyx, grasping, glowing
Blood of the victim, ebbing, flowing.

Tooth of the vampire, like unctile;
A kiss for the living who's
Dent to the maiden, now undred,
Bridge of a monster with earthy bed.

Shuddering transition, metamorphic,
Resurrection, grave-sophistic
"Well come!" he says, "To my Necrology"
But she proves to be a prodige.

She grabs his cloak, gives him a smack,
Buries his neck and bites his back,

As I recover from surgery, here's a candidate for the Fine
Arts Page. Please print address.



Here's a weirdo: I go into the crypt to tell them, Brian Way, Matthew, MA, comes out of the grave to read them. Is there any way to cut out the middleman (you can see my point)? —CK

Send your confabulations, not too long, not too big, regular double-spaced text. Use bold black art. *Warning*: use smig lie.

**THE CRYPT-KEEPERS
PAGE OF FINE ARTS**

P.O. Box 277766

9103 Sunny LN
Camarillo, CA 93019

I CALL THIS ELECTRIFYING YARN...

CURRENT ATTRACTION



ABE HAD CROPPED UP ON OLD RUFE AND STIFFENED HIS JOINTS AND BLACKENED HIS MUSCLES AND FINALLY HE'D BEEN FORCED TO CLIMB DOWN FROM THE FLYING TRAPEZE WHERE FOR ALMOST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HE'D REIGNED AS KING. NO MORE WOULD THE BAND PLAY AND THE DRUMS ROLL, AND THE AUDIE HORN BEEP AS THE SPOTLIGHT FOLLOWED HIM ACROSS THE BIG TOP IN HIS DEATH-DEFTING AERIAL ACT. HE WAS A MAN-BEEN...A FORGOTTEN NAME...A FADED STAR. HIS PERFORMING DAYS WERE OVER. BUT THE CIRCUS WAS IN OLD RUFE'S BLOOD. IT WAS HIS LIFE, AND SO HE'D STAYED ON...WATCHING THE ANIMALS, HELPING THE ROUNDTROTS, DOING ANY GODD JOB AVAILABLE...JUST SO HE COULD BE NEAR THE SPARKLES AND THE TAMBORIN AND THE GAYNE WORLD HE LOVED. AND THEN THERE, BAB JEAN...RUFE'S DAUGHTER. THERE WAS JEAN'S FUTURE TO CONSIDER...

"HOLY COW! IT'S NOT HOT HOT HOT YET? YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH PREGNANT PUPPY SET UP THERE... HUNTER..."



JEAN HAD BEEN TEN WHEN HER MOTHER HAD SOMETIMES MET DOUBLE FORWARD SUMMERSAULT AND COME CRASHING DOWN TO THE BIG TOP FLOOR...LEAVING JEAN AN ORPHAN AND RUFE A WIDOWER. THAT HAD BEEN EIGHT YEARS AGO...



"THAT'S IT, HONEY! THAT'S IT! REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU SPIN... HERE... SOON."

OLD RUFE FIRMERED THE NET-POLE NERVOUSLY AS IF HE WERE AFRAID IT MIGHT SUDDENLY WANDER, LEAVING HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER SWINGING ALONE UP THERE WITHOUT ITS LIFE-PRESERVING PROTECTION...



"NOT YET... TOO SOON!" EEEEEE...

FOR A MOMENT OLD RUPE'S HEART STOPPED BEAT-
ING AS HE WATCHED HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER'S BODY
FLAIL, THEN PLUNGE DOWNWARD. IT WAS AN OLD
MEMORY, ONE THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT,
HONEY! RELAX! RELAX
OVER YOU HUH?"

JEN ROBBED AS SHE CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE NET AND
REACHED FOR THE CAPE HER FATHER HELD OUT FOR HER...

"I'LL... I'LL NEVER BE ANY
GOOD, DADDY! NEVER! DON'T?
WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP?"

"YOU'LL DO IT, HONEY!
YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL
BE A STAR SOMEDAY!"



THEY WALKED IN SILENCE ACROSS
THE TANDEM FLOOR, DOWN BETWEEN
THE SEATS, AND OUT INTO THE SUN-
LIGHT...

"OH, DADDY!
YOU AREN'T
HAPPY?
I HAVE BEEN
LOOKING ALL
OVER FOR
YOU!"

"OH, DADDY!
IT'S ENRICO! ENRICO
AND MY EYES
ARE ALL RED!"

A TALL, BAND-SOME DARK-EYED MAN
CAME STRIDING ACROSS THE
STADIUM, SWEEPING BROADLY...
BO! I ME YOU I'LL
HAVE BEEN PROD- NEVER
FIRING, LOVELY
ONE! THAT IS BE ANY
GOOD! ENRICO
SOMEDAY!"

DON'T TALK! OH, ENRICO!
THAT WAY! THIS IS
WHY, WHEN MY DADDY
TOLD ME EVERYTHING
ABOUT YOUR MOTHER
AND ME,
STARTED..."

A PLEASE-
HAVE TO
MEET THE
FATHER
OF SUCH A
CHARM-
ING GIRL.
MR... EN-
RUPE!"



JEN STUDIED THE BLUISH-LOOKING STRANGER.

"YOU'RE NEW
AROUND HERE,
AREN'T YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR
ACT?"

"ENRICO IS A STAR, DADDY!
HE USUALLY GETS TOP
BILLINGS! HE JUST
JOINED OUR CIRCUS
YESTERDAY! HE'S
A KNUIFE-THROWER!"

"CALICO
THREW
THE
MAGNETE
AND THE
CLEAVER."

ENRICO TURNED TO JEN...

"I WILL SEE YOU LATER,
THEN... AS WE PLANNED.
AU REVÉ..."

"ALL RIGHT,
ENRICO! BYE,
FOR NOW!"



OLD WIFE AND HIS DAUGHTER
WALKED ON IN SILENCE UNTIL THEY
CAME TO THEIR TRAILER. THEN...

I DON'T LIKE
HIM! HE'S A
BREAST-LOOKIN'
CHARACTER!
HE'S VERY
SWEET, DADDY...
AND VERY
MINDLESS—
I HOPE HIS
WIFE...



OLD WIFE SPIN AROUND...

HIS WIFE IF HE'S
MARRIED? OH, YOU'VE
WIFE IS HIS
PARTNER IN
THE ACT! SHE
STANDS UP
AGAINST A
BOARD AND
HE...



I'LL NOT MAKE
MY DAUGHTER
COME OUT
WITH A MAR-
RIED MAN!

DON'T BE SADLY
DADDY! WE'RE
JUST FRIENDS!
NOTHING MORE.
HE'S VERY UN-
HAPPY!



THAT NIGHT, WIFE CAUGHT ENRICO'S ACT. IT WAS QUITE INSENSATIONAL.
THE WIFE WOULD STAND SPREAD-EAGLED BEFORE A BOARD AND HE'D
COOLLY KICK HER WITH KNEES, THROWING THEM IN RAPID-SEQUENCE,
ENDING UP WITH A CLEAVER BLAMMING IN TO THE WOOD BESIDE HER
HEAD...



THAT'S JUST IT, DADDY!
THEY DON'T GET ALONG!
HE'S NOT IN LOVE
WITH HER ANY LONGER.
BUT SHE REFUSES TO
GIVE HIM A DIVORCE!

AND YOU MEAN
TO TELL ME
SHE LETS HIM
STAND THERE
AND THROW
KICKS AT
HER?



ISN'T SHE HORRIBLE?
ENRICO IS A HORRIBLE
WOMAN! HE DOESN'T WANT
TO HARM A HAIR ON HER
HEAD. THAT MAKES IT ALL
THE MORE DIFFICULT
FOR HIM!

HOW COME YOU'RE
SO INTERESTED IN
HIS PRIVATE LIFE?



... I THINK I'M
IN LOVE WITH ENRICO,
DADDY!

WHAT IF I'M IN LOVE WITH HIM? DON'T
BE A FOOL, JEAN! YOU'RE TOO
YOUNG! WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAREER?
IN ANOTHER FEW MONTHS, YOUR ACT
WILL BE BE FAME. YOU'LL BE ON TOUR!
WHAT? LOVE ISN'T FOR FOOL! NOT
NOW!



Jean shook her head...

I'M SORRY, DADDY! I CAN'T JUST TURN MY HEART OFF LIKE A RADIO! WHEN IT HAPPENS, IT HAPPENS! AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

YOU CAN AVOID LETTING IT HAPPEN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR IT!

Jean bailed at her father and started off across the circus grounds...

IT'S TOO LATE, JEAN! COME DADDY! IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED!



HE COULD SEE THEM IN THE MOONLIGHT - WALKING AND TALKING OFF-ARM IN ARM - HIS DAUGHTER, AND ERIC.

NO, JEAN! NOT I WON'T LET YOU RUIN YOUR LIFE! I'VE WORRIED TOO LONG AND TOO HARD WITH YOU TO LET YOU THROW IT AWAY!



THAT NIGHT, OLD RUFUS TRIED TO WAIT UP FOR HIS DAUGHTER TO COME HOME. HE REMEMBERED THE CLOCK HANDS POINTING TO THREE BEFORE HE DOZED OFF. AND WHEN HE AWOKE, IT WAS MORNING, AND JEAN WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY...

THIS CANNOT GO ON! IT'S UNHAPPY! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM...



Rufe dressed hurriedly and hurried across the circus grounds to the trailer marked 'THE GREAT ENRICO'. He hammered on the door.

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU... YOUR HUSBAND YOU WANT? I WANT TO SEE HIM... ALONE!



Enrico's wife was a tired-eyed bleached blonde who reeked of liquor. She stepped out of the trailer and snarled...

BURE, OLD MAN! ONLY YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HIM OR HE WAS OUT ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT. HE'S STILL ASLEEP.

OLD RUFUS LEARNED OVER THE SHORING ENRICO AND SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY...

HUH? WHO... WHAT... WHERE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MY DAUGHTER! I WANT YOU TO LEAVE HER ALONE!



THE GREAT ENRICO STRODE ABOUT THE TRAILER IN A FLAUNT LOUNGING, ROME PUTTING ON A LONE CIGARETTE HOLDER, LISTENING TO OLD RUPE PLEAD WITH HER...

SHE IS YOUNG... SHE IS PERSEVERED, SHE HAS SEVEN OF HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER, I TELL YOU! I CANNOT GIVE UP YOUR DAUGHTER!



ENRICO SMILED...

I FIND HER TOO ATTRACTIVE!

...I'M WARNING YOU, ENRICO!



DO NOT THREATEN ME, ALL RIGHTY OLD MAN. IF YOUR DAUGHTER I ASKED AND I CANNOT FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR SLEEPLESSNESS... THEN IT SHALL BE WITHOUT THEM! GOOD DAY!



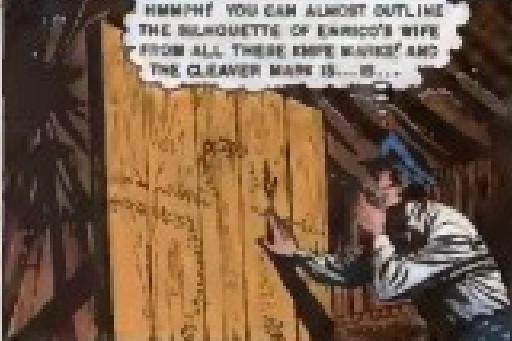
OLD RUPE LEFT ENRICO'S TRAILER AND STAMPED ACROSS THE CIRCUS MOUND, JUMPING. HE CAME INTO THE BIG TOP, HIS MIND WHIRLING...

I CAN'T LET HIM BREED BY JEANNIE! I'LL LIVE ONE DAY TO GET RID OF HIM! I'LL...



THE BOARD THAT THE GREAT ENRICO USED IN HIS ACT STOOD IN ITS POSITION IN THE CENTER RING, READY FOR THE NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE. OLD RUPE STUDIED ITS FITTED AND SCARRED SURFACE...

HMMPH! YOU CAN ALMOST OUTLINE THE SILHOUETTE OF ENRICO'S WIFE FROM ALL THESE ENEMIES AND THE CLEANER MAN IS... H...



ENRICO'S VOICE RANG IN OLD RUPE'S EAR...

I FIND HER... TOO ATTRACTIVE!

OF COURSE THAT'S IF ATTRACTION! THAT'S IT!



OLD RUPE LET HIMSELF INTO THE ELECTRICIAN'S SHED WITHOUT BEING SEEN. HE CHUCKLED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF.

EVERYONE KNOWS ENRICO NO LONGER LOVES HIS WIFE. EVERYONE KNOWS SHE WON'T GIVE HIM A DIVORCE. SO... WHAT BETTER WAY TO GET RID OF HER...



Rope carried the coil of fire copper wire

**TONIGHT... FORD'S ERROS THREW THE
GUNMAN DIRECTLY AT HIS WIFE'S HEAD...
SPLITTING IT OPEN... KILLING HER. IT WILL
BE SO OBVIOUS! HE WILL BE CHARGED WITH
MURDER! ALL THE EVIDENCE WILL POINT
TO HIM! EVER PERSON WILL HAVE TO TESTIFY
AGAINST HIM!**



...AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, RUFUS WOUND THE COPPER WIRE AROUND THE IRON CORE, CREATING A POWERFUL ELECTROMAGNET. THEN HE SECURED THE MAGNET TO THE REAR OF THE TARGET BOARD, EXACTLY BEHIND WHERE DAKOTA'S HEAD ALWAYS RESTED.



THAT NIGHT, THE SHOW BEGAN AS USUAL. OLD BUNNY STOPPED BY, WAITING FOR DAVID'S ACT TO BEGIN.

WE SOLD ON
IN FORTY
SECONDS

ANSWER TO
NOT A GOOD FOR
THEIR CHILDREN



THE FOURTHABOUT FOREMAN LED RUFUS OUT OF THE BIG TOP/BEHIND THE DRUMS ROLLED, THE CYMBALS CLANGED.

**THAT'S THAT'S
EVEN'S ADV
STARTING TO
TAKE IT**

**YOU'LL SEE
IT FOR YOURSELF.
THIS IS
HOW
IMPORTANT IT
IS TO THE
HOMEBODY A
FACTOR.**



RUFUS'S BLOOD FROZE! THE DRUMS WERE BUILDING UP TO A CRESCENDO NOW. THE END OF THE GREAT CHICAGO'S ACT WAS AT HAND. RUFUS COULD SEE THE CLEANER RAJAHS...SEE IT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...SEE IT WAVER AS IT ENTERED THE MAGNETIC FIELD...SEE IT EXPLODE INWARD...CUTTING, SPLATTERING, THE BLOOD. THE RED AND FLESH AND BONE. THE BRAINS.

**CHORES AND
SHIRT SWAP IN
DINOSAURS**

**WHAT'S TAKING UP PLACE
IN THE A&P, TOMORROW?**



HUNTS FOLLOWED THE FORWARD
ACROSS THE CLOUDS GROUPS. A
FLUKE STOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT,
WITNESS.

**HELP THEM
CARRY MIR
BACK DOWN TO
THE STATION.**

P-POOF! **P-POOF!**
ME I'M
LEAVING
WITH YOU
BALLOON
TOMORROW



WHEN HE'S SO IF ANYBODY'S INTERFERING
IN A SLIGHTLY UNDERSIZED-ARMED
KNIFE-THROWER'S BOARD, IT'S
AVAILABLE. ONLY THING IS, IT'S A BIT
STAINED, OF COURSE. AS FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, IT OUGHT TO BE USED.
THAT WAY, SORT OF ADDS SOMETHING.
DON'T YOU THINK? AND NOW, IT'S TIME

TO TURN YOU OVER
TO THAT OLD MYSTIC
WHO WILL WAND UP
MY JERKED MIND
FOR THIS ISSUE, OR
REMEMBER THE
E.C. FAN ASSOCIATE
CLUB? DON'T DO
NOTHIN' I JUST
REMEMBER IT!"

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR FOMENTES HANGING OUT! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEARY! I'VE GOT ANOTHER SLIME-SERVING BREWING IN MY CAULDRON, ALL READY TO BASH OUT. YEEH! IT'S BEG, MEAR... THE OLD BITCHY! HEE, HEE! BURSTY FOR HORROR, ARE YOU? BOOBY! THEN CLOSE YOUR RELATED NOSTRILS AND OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL SHOVE, IN FULL FARE, THIS HANG OVERDOSE'S BREWING RECIPE... VINTAGE 1990. LISTEN, NOW, TO THE FASHTY TALE OF TERROR HANS GALLE...

MESS CALL

DEADLINE

AHHEH! IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE. IT IS GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED... SO VERY TIRED. AND MY EYES ARE HEAVY WITH SLEEP. I CLOSE THEM. I SLEEP...

COME, CORPORAL!
WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! I HAVE FOR YOU AN
IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT!
COME AT ONCE!



I AM GOING OUT THERE AGAIN. I DO NOT LIKE IT OUT THERE. IT IS WET AND COLD OUT THERE. HERE IT IS WARM AND DRY...

...YOU WILL PROCEED TO AREA H IN THE
VILLAGE. YOU WILL DATE YOUR REPORT NOW.
BY, ABSIT... AND THE EXACT HOUR
THAT IS IMPORTANT!

YES,
DEADLINE



I AM CRAWLING ON MY BELLY THROUGH THE MUD. IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER. I GRIP MY BAYONET TIGHTER. I AM APPROACHING AREA 51. I MUST BE QUIET. ENEMY ARE THERE... FIVE ENEMY...



THEY ARE JUST OVER THAT HILL AHEAD. I WILL HIDE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE. I MUST BE QUIET...



WORLD, 1917, NOON P.M. ENEMY POW FROM HIS FOX HOLE OF... I STOP WRITING MY REPORT. I LISTEN. SOMEONE IS HERE... HERE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE... BY GOD, ME...



HE COMES AT ME... AN ENEMY SOLDIER. I SWING MY BAYONET AROUND, BURROWING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY... PLUNGING IT UPWARD... FEELING THE CRUNCHING BONE... HEARING THE SICKING BOUNDS...



I AM FRIGHTENED. HIS ARMS SWING OUTWARD. I PULL MY BAYONET AND THRUST AGAIN... STABBING... BLASHING... CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS. I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING... AND I AM BACK...



HE... HE IS DEAD! AND NOW, MY OVERLIEUTENANT IS CALLING ME. CALLING ME BACK. EVERYTHING IS FADING. BUT IT IS NOT MY OVERLIEUTENANT CALLING ME. IT IS THE DOCTOR'S VOICE. I AM BACK WHERE IT IS WARM AND DRY.



THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO THAT MAN ABOUT ME...

SO, YOU HAVE BEEN FOR YOURSELF HERE. HOWEVER, IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME VIOLENT AND HORRIFIC. HE DREAMS FREQUENTLY, EACH NIGHT OF THAT EXPERIENCE IN THE FRENZIEDNESS IT AWAKENS HIM. HOWEVER, HE IS PRETTY STRONG AND HEALTHY IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT. SO YOU NEED NOT HAVE ANY FEAR...



I WAS ASLEEP, BUT I AM AWAKE
NOW. IT IS MORNING AND THE DOCTOR
IS TALKING TO HERR HEINRICH.

...AND SO I HAVE
ARRANGED EVERYTHING!
YOU MAY
TAKE HIM TODAY!
I NEED NOT TELL
YOU HOW BRAVE
YOU ARE!

AH! I AM
GLAD TO
DO THIS
FOR HIM,
HERR
DOCTOR!

HANS! I HAVE NEWS!
YOU ARE LEAVING HERE
TODAY, MY BOY! HERR
HEINRICH IS TAKING YOU
TO HIS HOME...TO LIVE!
YOU WILL HELP IN HIS
SHOP, OF COURSE, BUT
THE WORK WILL BE
LIGHT, AND THE HOURS
SHORTEST! WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THIS, HANS?

THIS IS
VERY
GOOD
OF YOU,
HERR
HEINRICH!

WE ARE RICHES IN A CANTERBURY. IT IS
GOOD TO BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.
HERR HEINRICH IS A KIND MAN...

YES, ANATOL IS VERY JEALOUS, HANS!
BUT I HAVE SAVED CAREFULLY AND
SELL ONLY TO MY OWN CUSTOMERS AND
FRIENDS! BUT ~~EXCUSE~~ OF BUSINESS.
LOOM! THERE IS MY MOTHER...YOUR
NEW MOTHER...



HERR HEINRICH'S HOUSE IS BIG. IT IS VERY NICE TO LIVE
IN A BIG HOUSE...

WELL, HANS! HOW DO YOU LIKE
IT? DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE
COMFORTABLE?

OH, YES, HERR
HEINRICH! IT IS
A FINE HOUSE!



THIS FOOD IS GOOD. I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE PICKLED
MEATS...AND THE WINE...

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH,
HANS! HERE! MORE WINE,
MY BOY! IT IS GOOD
FOR YOU!

IT IS WONDERFUL
WINE...AND DELICIOUS
FOOD, TOO!



MY ROOM...IT HAS NICE THINGS. THE BED IS VERY SOFT,
AND I AM TIRED...

SLEEP WELL, HANS! AND
REMEMBER! TOMORROW, WE
GO TO MY BUTCHER SHOP!
GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-NIGHT, HERR
HEINRICH! I WILL
WORK HARD FOR YOU



ANATOL! IT IS WARM HERE...WARM AND DRY. I LIE ON MY
NEW SOFT BED...AND I COZE...

COME, CORPORAL! WAKE
UP! ON YOUR FEET!



I AM STABBED... SLASHED... CUTTING HIM TO PIECES. I SEE THE BLOOD POURING, AND I AM SHOCKED. HE IS DEAD, AND NOW, MY OVERLORD IS CALLING... CALLING ME BACK. NO! IT IS NOT MY OVERLORD! IT IS...



THE AIR IS COOL, BUT I AM WARM, WE ARE WALKING TO
HERR HEINRICH'S SHOP. I FEEL GOOD...



THERE IS MUCH MEAT IN HERR HEINRICH'S SHOP AND
MANY PEOPLE COME TO BUY...



HERR LUDWIGMEYER HAS COME. WE ARE
DRINKING AND EATING GOOD
PICKLED MEAT... AND I KNOW THIS...

THIS NIGHT IT IS
WONDERFUL! IF BUT
YOU ARE A
TOY... YOU DON'T
BUTCHER,
EAT ANYTHING.
YOU EAT TOO
MUCH MEAT!
WHAT BUT COME,
HERR LUDWIGMEYER, I MUST
SHOW YOU MY
CELLAR!



I GO TO MY ROOM AND UNDRESS
AND LIE ON MY SOFT BED... SOFT
AND WARM AND DRY...



HE COMES AT ME AND I ROLL
AROUND, DROPPING MY BATHrobe INTO
MY SOFT BELLY... CUTTING, STABBING,
SLASHING HIM TO PIECES... THE
BLOOD POURING... POURING...



I AM SLEEPING THE SHOT. I DO THIS EVERY MORNING, AND I HELP HERR HERRICH LIFT THE HEAVY THINGS. I AM STRONG.



AGAIN SAM DRINKING AND EATING WITH HERR HERRICH'S FRIEND. MANY TIMES I DO THIS...TONIGHT, I DON'T FEEL GOOD. DRINKING...TOO MUCH...



I AM IN MY ROOM! IT IS DARK HERD! I AM DIZZY! EVERYTHING IS SPINNING AND I AM FAILING... FAILURE...



M...MY HEAD IT HURTS IT...IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE! IT'S GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED, AND



HARRY, CORPORAL! THERE IS MUCH TO DO TONIGHT!
COME! COME!

YES,
CORPORAL!

IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER...

THIS WAY, CORPORAL! THIS WAY, BUT BE CAREFUL! THE ENEMY IS JUST OVER THAT HILL...

I MUST SEE HARRY. I WILL HIDE IN THE SHELL HOLE AND MAKE OUT MY REPORT...

NOVEMBER 2, 1917
1040 P.M. ENEMY POSITION 100 YARDS WEST OF...

LISTEN,
HARRY.
LISTEN!
TAKE THIS
YOUR
MAULER...

SOMEONE IS IN THIS SHELL HOLE WITH ME. I TURN, HOPING MY MAULER...

THERE HE IS, HARRY! GET HIM!
GET HIM!

AN ENEMY SOLDIER. I TURN AROUND, SAVING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY, FEELING THE CRUNCHING BONE... HEARING THE SUCKING SOUND...



I PULL OUT MY BAYONET AND THRUST AGAIN, STABBING, SLASHING, CUTTING HIM TO SHREOK...

CAREFUL, HARRY!
CAREFUL!

I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING, AND I AM SCARED...



MY HEAD HURTS WHERE I STRUCK IT AND MY DREAM WENT AWAY, AND I AM STRANDING IN A DARK GAMP CELLAR BEFORE ALL...

OH, LORD! A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK? OH, HANG FORGOTTEN!

CHOKES! THERE... THERE IS A BODY ON THE BLOCK! IT IS... HERE SHOUTED FRED: THIS IS NO BAYONET! THIS IS A CLEAVER IN MY HAND!

CORPORAL I ORDER YOU TO KILL FOUR ASSASSINMENT!

I...I...HAVE DONE A HORRIBLE TERRIBLE THING! BUT...BUT HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAVE I DONE THIS? HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAS HE...HE...? GODDAMNED HEAD! MY MEMORY! IT'S COMING BACK!

HANG! SOY SO UPSTAIRS!!

I REMEMBERED, HOW? YES! YES! I WAS A BUTCHER... A GOOD BUTCHER! THEN, A SOLDIER! I WAS A SOLDIER AND I KILLED A MAN IN A SHELL HOLES! THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION! EVERY NIGHT I HAVE DREAMED OF THAT SELLING! T...TODAY? YOU MADE ME DO THAT FRENCHMAN WORK WHILE I DREAMED!

TEST...TEST YOU FOUND OUT I WAS A BUTCHER! LIKE NO OTHER SHOP IN ALL GERMANY, YOURS IS FULL OF MEAT! FULL OF THE BUTCHERS YOU HAVE BROUGHT DOWN HERE! YES! OF COURSE! YOUR EXCLUSIVE SHOP IS FILLED WITH HUMAN MEAT!!

NO! NO!

HE COMES AT ME...AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. IT IS SUDDENLY COLD AND DAMP AND HE IS THE ENEMY SOLDIER AND I AM SINKING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY, CRUSHING THE BONE...HEARING THE SICKEN SOUNDS...STABBING...SLASHING...CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS...HIS FACE...HIS EYES...THE BLOOD POURING...POURING...

GOOD LORD!

HHEE, HEE! WELL, I'M MOST THAT'S MY DELIRIUM DISH FOR THIS ISSUE OF CAT'S MAW, POOR HAND! THAT SLOW ON THE MORNING CLEANED IT FOR A FEW MINUTES... BUT HE SOON SLIPPED BACK INTO THE OLD SWING! ANYWAY, HE WAS PUT INTO A BIGGE WARM DRY ROOM WITH DUNGEONED WALLS AND BARRED WINDOWS AND HE NEVER EAT ANOTHER HAMBURGER AS LONG AS HE LIVES! BYE, NOW WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN V. E. E.'S MAW, THE VAULT OF HORROR!

CHOKES...



YOU SAY YOU
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?

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